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Judge

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"AH'M AFRAID TO GO HOME IN DE DARK."

So Ah sat alone while dey sharpened deir knives,
Feelin' Ah wuz deir mark.
Dar's no place laike Denver,
But Ah'm afraid to go home in de dark.

Judge

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A PARABLE.

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ONCE upon a time there was a hungry lot of people all eating out of the same Dinner Pail. And while they were eating, along came a Donkey, who did much kicking about, and he kicked the Pail over so that the contents spilled out and left the Pail empty. And the lot of people got very hungry indeed. About that time a friendly Elephant came that way, and he said, "Give me your Pail and I will fill it." And he was as good as his word, and stood by to see that no one kicked it over again. But in course of time the Pail became partly empty, so that the people caught a glimpse of the bottom of it, and the sight made them panicky. Then some cried, "The clumsy Elephant has kicked a leak in it"; and others, "We were so greedy we did it ourselves"; and others, "He is no fit guardian"; while still others said, "The braying of the Donkey in the distance made us so nervous that our hands shook and we slopped the contents." But while they disputed the Donkey hurried to them and cried, "Look you, good people, at any rate there has been a leak in your Pail, and the Elephant is a poor guardian. Give it back to my care!" But at this there was a roar of laughter. "As between Donkeys and Elephants," laughed the people, "we have seen one of them empty the Pail and we have seen the other fill it. Whatever may be the truth of this present dispute, if the Pail really needs refilling, we know which is the Animal for the job."

. . .

DOUGHNUTS.

THE STATISTICAL department of the Union Pacific Railway has announced that the products of the farms of the seventeen states west of the Mississippi River in 1907 reached the enormous total of $1,099,000,000. Corn leads, winter wheat is second, and domestic hay a close third. We do not mean to suggest to housekeepers that hay is a proper ingredient for doughnuts, but, after all, ours is a metaphorical doughnut, and minerals as well as vegetables go into its make-up. So far as this national cruller is concerned, there will soon be no hole left to look at. It's getting to be one of the round kind made of raised dough. There's a raisin.

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. . .

A SPECIAL NUMBER.

THE next, or Easter, issue of JUDGE is not a special number in any way, the custom of other years to the contrary notwithstanding. After all, Easter Day is not a fair mark for cartoons or other forms of hilarity. To be sure, the Easter bonnet is always with us, and we have tried to pay it full tribute. So, likewise, the various absurdities of ostentatious Lenten sacrifice. But we would call your attention to the fact that the following issue, that of April 25th, is a special number, dedicated to the "Golden Gate," and the formal reception to the fleet on its arrival in our Pacific waters. JUDGE reaches a glad hand across the continent to his readers on the Pacific slope, waving his hat meanwhile in greeting to the cheery sailor boys, who were ever special friends of his.

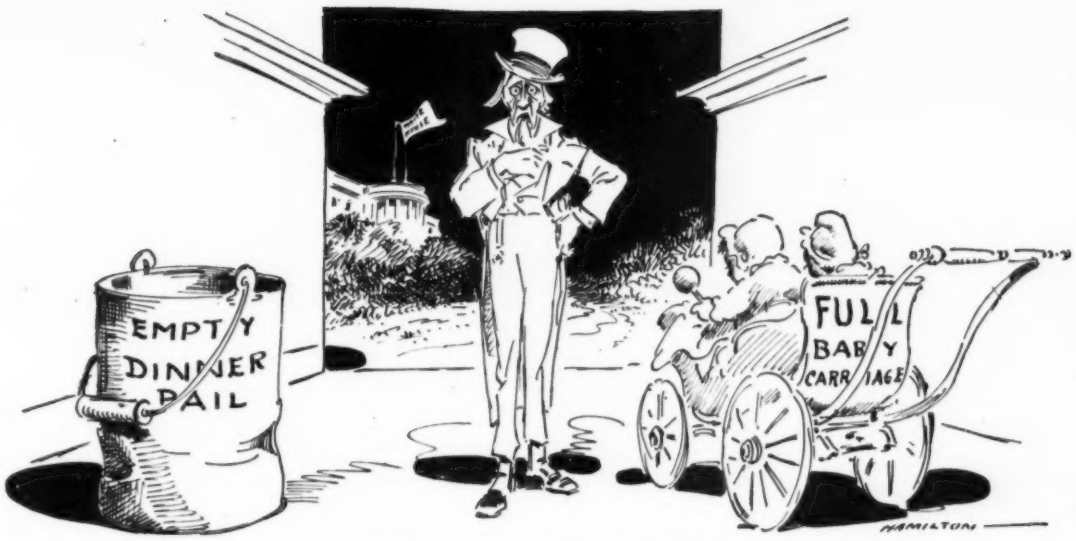
. . .

UNCLE SAM does not object to the return of prodigal daughters, even though they be incumbered by great wealth. He is a little disgruntled, however, at having them bring an assortment of foreign fortune-hunters in their train. We have enough of our own.

. . .

LENT is almost over. You may soon continue to eat the food and smoke the tobacco that you wouldn't have eaten or smoked if you had chosen to swear them off.

WOULDN'T THIS BE A BIRD OF A TICKET?



MUST THEY GO TOGETHER?

WELL MATCHED.

"SHE is going to marry a duke. You know she inherited fifty millions."

"It's tainted."

"Well, so is the duke."

HIS DILEMMA.

Knicker—"How do you suppose Taft feels?"

Bocker—"Like a girl who is chaperoned by a widow."

IN AND OUT.

Binks—"My sister is coming out this spring."

Winks—"How long was she sent up for?"

THE CALL.

THE trusts are lying dormant; the stork, with tearful eye,
Is waiting for the signal to know which way to fly.
The tariff needs adjusting, and doubtless we'd enhance
Our prestige if we only had some system of finance.
Quite long enough we've had the blues.
Your country 's calling, Mr. Hughes!

The railroads need a censor with justice in his hand.
The office needs the dignity your qualities command.
We long for sober judgment from Maine to Yucatan,
And some one to deal wisely with little old Japan.
Nay, surely you will not refuse!
Your country 's calling, Mr. Hughes!

We need hard-headed counsel and honesty and tact;
We need a little silence (a lot of it, in fact);
We need some convalescence, that furnace fires may roar;
We need to smother Bryan and all that he stands for.
We need a man of spine and thews.
Your country 's calling, Mr. Hughes!

THOMAS L. MASSON.

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IT WOULD CROWD HIM.

"SIMPKINS refuses to have his flat papered," reported the agent of the building.

"What's the matter now?" inquired the owner.

"He claims they haven't room enough as it is."

IN HER NAME.

"CAN you tell me who lives here?" inquired the postman of the new tenant.

"Well," sighed Mr. Henry Peck—for it was none other—"if it comes to that, I guess you must mean my wife."

RAN THE ARK.

Sunday-school teacher—"Now, Willie, can you tell me who were the arcangels?"

Willie—"I s'pose Noah must have been one of them."

A LITTLE SENSE AND HE WOULD FIND IT.

PUZZLE PICTURE ENTITLED, "ARE'NT YOU GLAD TO SEE THEY'RE BACK?"

A free copy of *Judge's Library* will be sent to any one guessing correctly the names of the individuals depicted above. The *first* successful contestant will receive, in addition, a ham sandwich.

FISH FIGURES.

"How many fish did you catch yesterday?"
"Forty-eight."
"Did you eat all three of them?"

TOUCHED.

Mrs. Homespun—"The comic papers say you fellows never work."
Weary Waffles—"Y-yes'm. De comic papers also says dat mother-in-laws is a nuisance, when everybody knows dat dey are de most sweetest an' angelic uv mortals, an' "——
Mrs. Homespun—"You poor, dear man! Come right in this minute and I will broil a chicken for you."

A VILLAGE HAMPDEN.

Amro—"Abner has got it in fer the Standard Oil Company."

Ebenezer—"I should say he had! He lets all of his lamps burn all night—says he's goin' ter do all he kin ter exhaust the resources of the Standard, b'gosh!"

HIS YOUTHFUL START.

JIM COOTES, the old, gray-headed good-for-nothing and village failure, led the boys down to the red bridge and pointed up the stream to where a tumble-down sawmill had half fallen in the dam.

"Thar!" said he proudly; "up thar, et thet sawmill, 's whare I got my start."

MISUNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER.

"THE second girl on the left is gorgeously painted," whispered the gentleman with chin whiskers.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the bald-headed man. "I thought they were tights."

THIS SPEED-MAD AGE.

THE police were trying to run down the man who started the run on a bank by saying the cashier had run off with the cash. The newspapers were running down the police, and the people were running down the newspapers, while the autos were busy running down the people. And I guess that's going some!

PARTLY MAKING GOOD.

Suburbanite (Monday morning)—"What do you think of that, Mary?—a letter from the cook I hired Saturday canceling her engagement."

His wife—"The mean thing! What reason does she give?"

Suburbanite—"She says she has decided to cut out the kerosene circuit for the present, but if we'll move to town she'll give us a trial."

NATURAL INFERENCE.

Knicker—"Jones is wrapped up in his auto."

Bocker—"When did the accident occur?"

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SUBMARINE FINANCE.

THERE was an ancient mariner.
For threescore years and ten
He'd worked upon a submarine
Until the proud day when
He'd viewed his warlike craft complete,
The happiest of men.

The government inspectors came
And marveled greatly o'er
The wonderful invention that
Was moored down by the shore.
The old inventor glowed with pride
And dreamed of wealth galore.

They sped across the ocean's foam.
The men began to think
This craft the great problem had solved.
Its wonders made them blink—
In fact, it would do anything
Required of it but—sink.

The old man was no financier;
His purse was not rotund.
He'd just enough to float his craft,
But not a cent beyond.
You see, he'd been unable to
Provide a sinking fund.

ROY K. MOULTON.

A FINAL PROTEST.

"Very well. I shall perform the ceremony, but remember it's the *last* time that I'll marry *either* one of you!"

HIS BEREAVED MEMBER.
"Binks's best girl is dead."
"Is he going to wear mourning?"
"Just on his arm."

A MICH. WISH.

A HOMESICK young angler from Mich.
Sadly said, "How I wish I could fich.
In a Mich. brook
And once more have the cook
Serve a Mich. fich in a dich.

AS ADVERTISED.

"WHAT'S your time?" asked the old farmer of the brisk salesman.

"Twenty minutes after five. What can I do for you?"

"I want them pants," said the old farmer, leading the way to the window and pointing at a ticket marked "Given away at 5.10."

IN THE PADDED CELLS.

"WHO is that young man there repeating to himself, 'Eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one' all the time?"

"He was saving a thousand coupons for a meerschaum pipe, and the company went bankrupt on his nine hundred and ninety-first."

HARD AND FAST.
Pat—"It ain't twilve yit, Moike. Thot clock 's fast."
Mike—"Shure, an' Oi know thot. Ef it worn't fast, begorra! th' dommed thing wud fall down on yer hid!"

UN-PATERNAL.

First Canadian—"Should a serious dispute arise with the United States, could we rely on the support of England?"

Second Canadian—"I have been studying that matter considerably of late, and I believe, from the friendly spirit she is constantly showing toward America, that, in case of a crisis, England would declare herself independent of us and try going it on her own hook for a spell."

NOT SUCH A GOOD HAND.

Judge—"What have you to say as to the charge that, while the husband of one woman, you married three others?"

Bigamist—"Simply this: that having four of a kind isn't what it is cracked up to be."

POLICE!

Jonesby—"That Chicago man who slept two weeks was arrested yesterday."

Smithson—"What was the charge against him?"

Jonesby—"Impersonating an officer."

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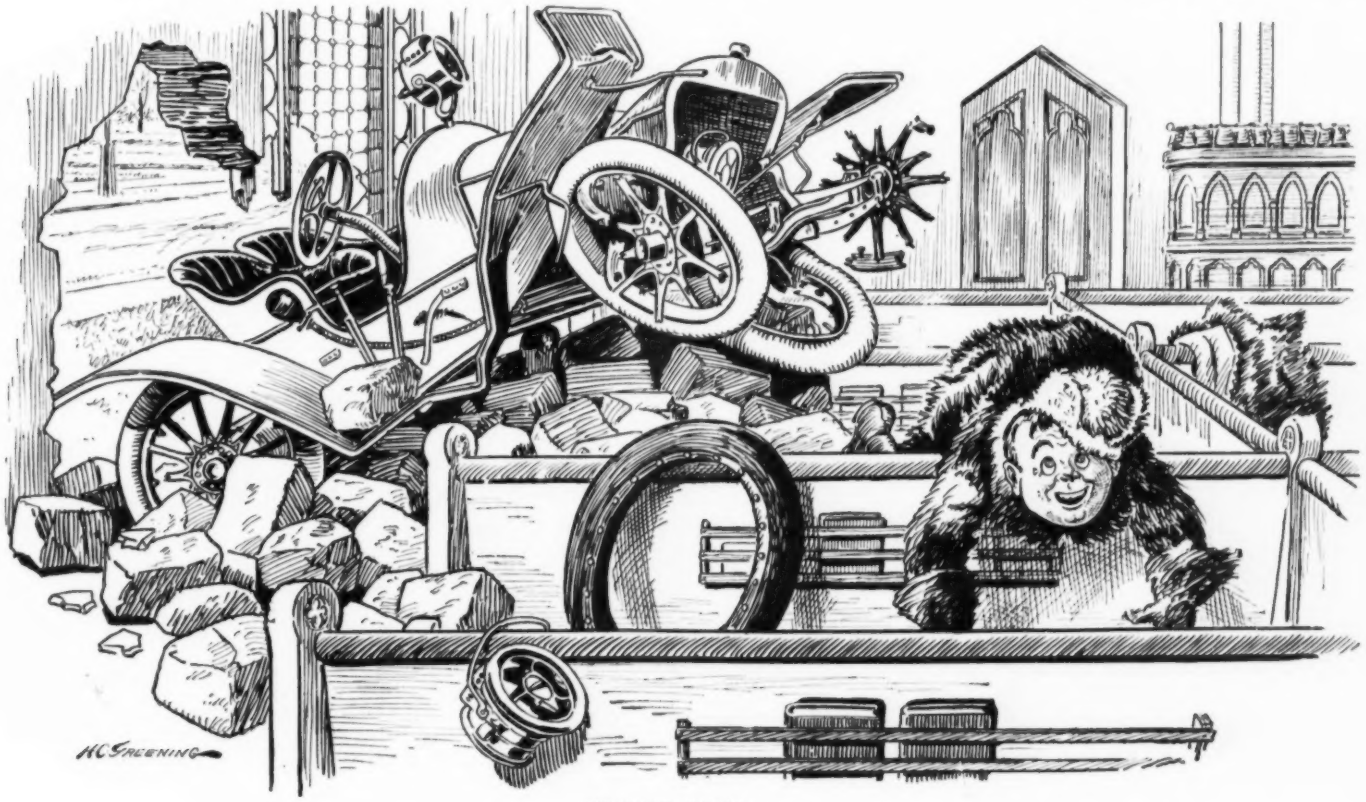

IT WAS FATE.
Mr. Gaybouy (whose racing runabout failed to negotiate a sharp turn)—"Well, well! this is the first time I've been in church in ten years."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.
GERALDINE FARRAR AS "MADAME BUTTERFLY."

Yours is art that hides your art;
All as life appears.
Through our sense you reach our heart,
Bidding smiles and tears.

DRESSED UP.

WHILE mounted on top of a bbl.
A stump speech was made by O'Fbl.
But you couldn't, they say,
Hear him ten feet away,
So loud was his wearing apbl.

SIMPLY GREAT.

THE train dispatcher opened the door of the waiting room and let loose.

"T'ain f'r Blubb'er, Rummin', Blib-Blib, Wh' P'ains, Do'ces' Ites, Redin' an' Kins'on! Ga' num'um!"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the college freshman. "Isn't that a bully yell?"

A PROBLEM IN DIVISION.

Foreman—"How many av yez are down thot hole?"

Laborers—"Three."

Foreman—"The half av yez come up."

JUST CURIOUS TO KNOW.

Killeen (after ordering the largest beer in the house)—"An' is thot th' largest beer ye give a mon fer foive cints?"

Barkeep (sarcastically)—"Vot you oxpect fer a nickel—a kaag?"

Killeen—"Shure, an' Oi'm puzzled to know if Oi had ordered a short beer whether ye would hov placed it on me tongue wid a medicine dropper or jist sprayed me throat out wid an anatimizer."

THE OCCUPANT IN THE REAR.

"IS THERE a young lady by the name of Evans living in this house?" inquired the strange woman of the timid-appearing man at the front door.

"Yes," returned he, with a sudden, respectful and serious demeanor. "She occupies the rear of this house, so you'd best step round to the rear door and knock gently, ma'am."

"I did, but no one answered."

"Ah, then, didn't you notice a sign on the door in the shape of a neat placard?" asked the man in tones of awe and admiration.

"Yes. The placard said 'Out.'"

"Then she's out. That's her sign, ma'am."

"Do you know when she will return?"

"No; we never know that, ma'am. In fact, she comes and goes whenever she takes the notion, and wants none to interfere with her doings or habits in any way, shape or manner, ma'am."

"She's rather a mysterious and independent sort of person, I take it?"

"Well, rather. You see, ma'am, she's our cook!"

A GENIUS.

De Style—"Einstein is a very inventive promoter."

Gunbusta—"What has he been doing now?"

De Style—"Says there is lots of money in it for the man who can put up the bridge jam in subway jars."

TAKE THE NEXT TRAIN.

Irate hostess—"Do you suffer from cold feet, Mr. Standaround?"

Mr. Standaround—"I do not."

Irate hostess—"Then unwrap them, please, at once."

THE TRI-WEEKLY TRAIN.

A NEW ENGLANDER was traveling in Texas on a new railroad.

"Hello, neighbor!" he called out to a fellow-traveler. "How about the southbound train? How often does it run?"

"She's a try-weekly," said the Texan. "She runs down one week and tries mighty hard to get back the next."

A STIFF punch will knock any fighter out if he drinks enough of it.

LOOK AT THE DOUGHNUT
BIG CROPS
BUSINESS DEPRESSION
GREAT NATURAL RESOURCES.
NOT THE HOLE.
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"YES, SIR-REE! HOOK AND ALL, AND HE WAS EVERY INCH OF TWO FEET!"

LOOK AT THE DOUGHNUT
BIG CROPS
BUSINESS DEPRESSION
GREAT NATURAL RESOURCES.
NOT THE HOLE.
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TALLY ONE FOR ALFONSO.

HOORAY for King Alfonso,
The Nervy Kid of Spain,
Who went to Barcelona
And got safe home again.
His ministers and courtiers
Insisted if he went
He'd come back in condition
To need a monument.
They said the Reds were ready
To shoot him on the spot;
But Phonsie told them lightly
He rather guessed they'd not.
And still the court insisted—
He told them from the throne
That they were from Missouri
And wanted to be shown.
And, furthermore, he told them
He didn't fear a bomb;
And if they'd watch he'd show them
That he was going some.
So off for Barcelona
Alfonso hiked. And, say!
The town was red a-plenty,
But all the other way.
He led the grand procession,
He whooped it from the scratch,
And bluffed, without a tremor,
The whole darn shooting-match.
Hooray for King Alfonso!
'Tis true, as has been said,
That he is not afraid of
A town when it is red. W. J. LAMPTON.

HE OUGHT TO KNOW.

Mrs. Hens—"Jest look here, John! I've found a ten-cent piece in this chicken's craw."
Mr. Hens—"Wa-al, thet makes one authentic case, an' the fust I ever knowed, whar there wuz money in chickens."

AND IT'S SUCH A LITTLE THING, TOO!

MR. LUGGINS made a wild dash for an uptown subway express and missed it by the tenth of an inch. Then he walked back to the centre of the platform and stopped.

"I've forgotten something," he muttered. "I know I've forgotten something."

Now, Mr. Luggins's arms and pockets were so filled with bundles that it seemed utterly ridiculous for him to say he had forgotten anything.

"Yes," he continued; "I have forgotten something. But what in thunder it is I can't make out. It's not Susan's hair ribbon, for that's in my upper vest pocket; it's not Ann's tooth paste, for that's in my lower vest pocket; and it's not Bobbie's collars, for I'm sure I stuffed them in my hat. Now, what in the dickens can it be? It can't be the stove polish, or the picture wire, or the bird seed, or the sample package of Peeled Wheat, or the toothpicks, for they're in this bundle; and it can't be the carpet tacks, or the spool of number forty cotton, or the bottle of marking ink, or the colored post cards, for they're all in that bundle. Maybe it's —— Yes, by heaven, that's it! I've forgotten to buy the piano!"

INDIAN BARBARITY.

"Hiram's boy, Jeptha, I see, is goin' ter be a sculptor. Queer thing fer a feller to want ter go inter. Wouldn't like it myself. Still, I'd rather sculp than ter git sculped."

I never saw a pink giraffe
In a heliotrope aquarium;
But if I did I'd cease to quaff
And go to a sanitarium.

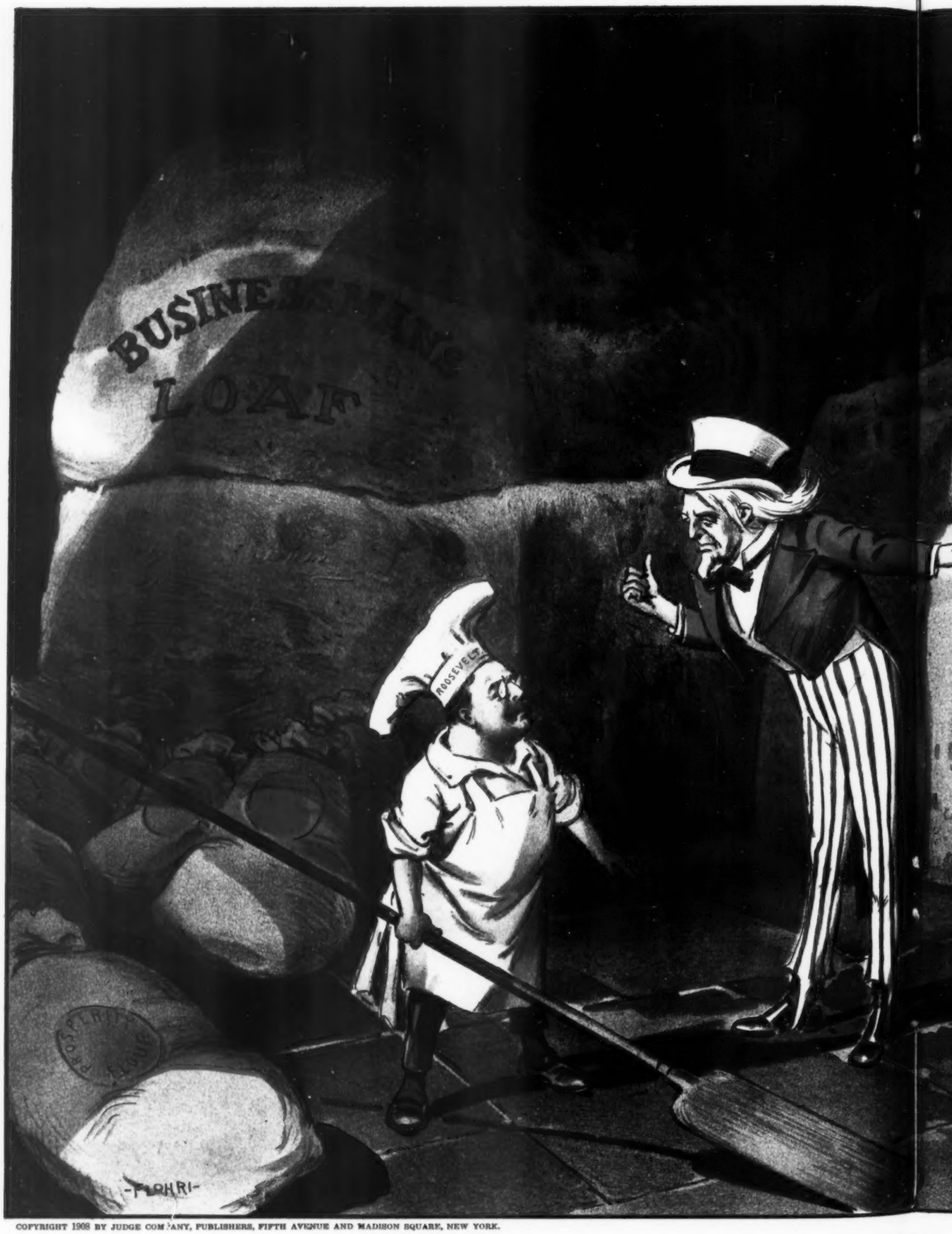
THOSE DEAR GIRLS!

"I am going to have my photos taken. I hope they will do me justice."
"I hope so, too—justice tempered with mercy."

J. P. ROME.

FLATTENED HIM.

First chauffeur—"Have you seen anything of old Speeder lately?"
Second ditto—"Yep; ran across him on Broadway to-day."



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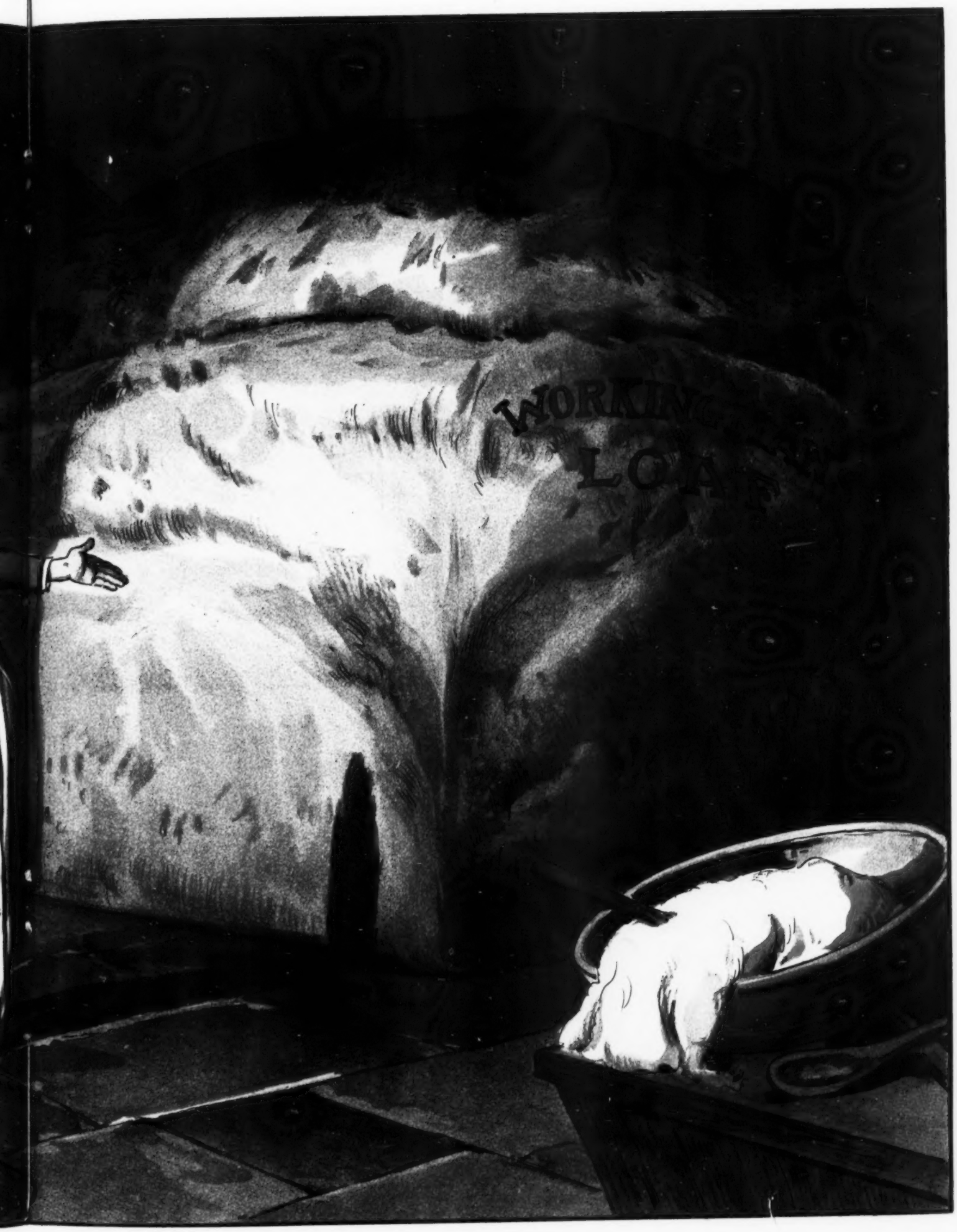
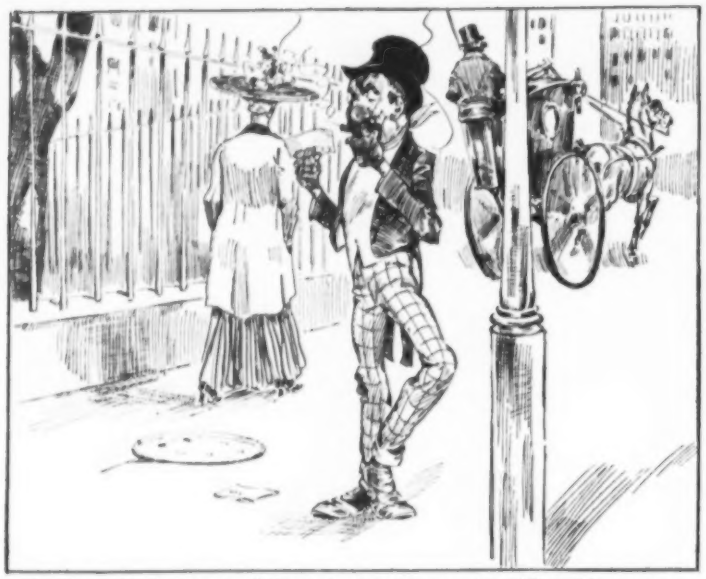
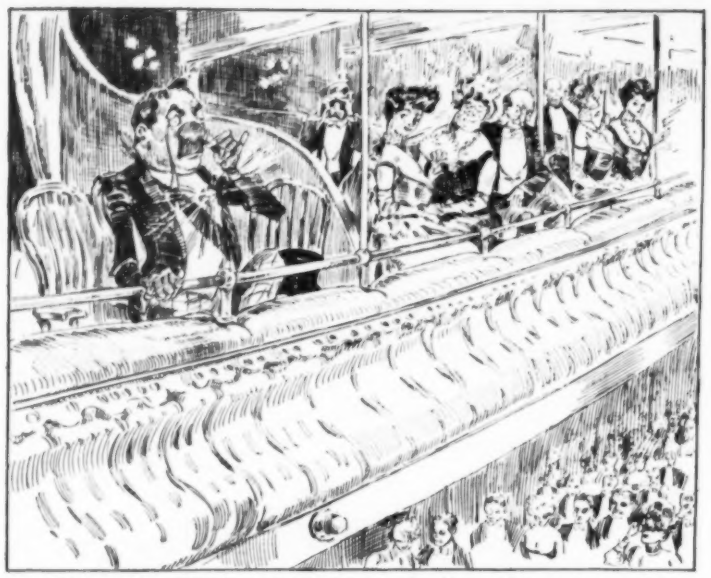
WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T CUT I



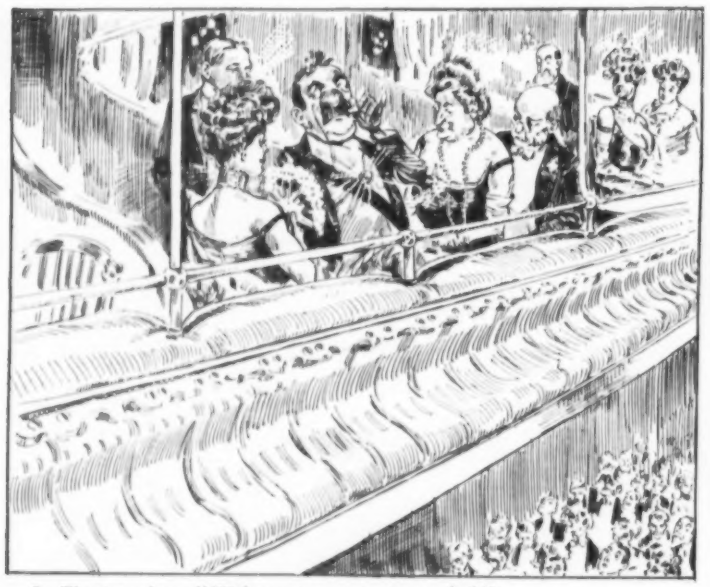
CUT DOWN THE SIZE OF THE LOAF!



1. *Nervy Nat* (reading)—"Ha, ha! Just listen to this: 'Dear Mazie—Inclosed find box ticket for the opera to-night. My box will not be occupied, so it is safe. Yours, O. Gayboy.' Dear me! I thought I had picked up a meal ticket. Gad! but these social duties are laborious. Here's an invitation to the opera that I positively cannot decline."

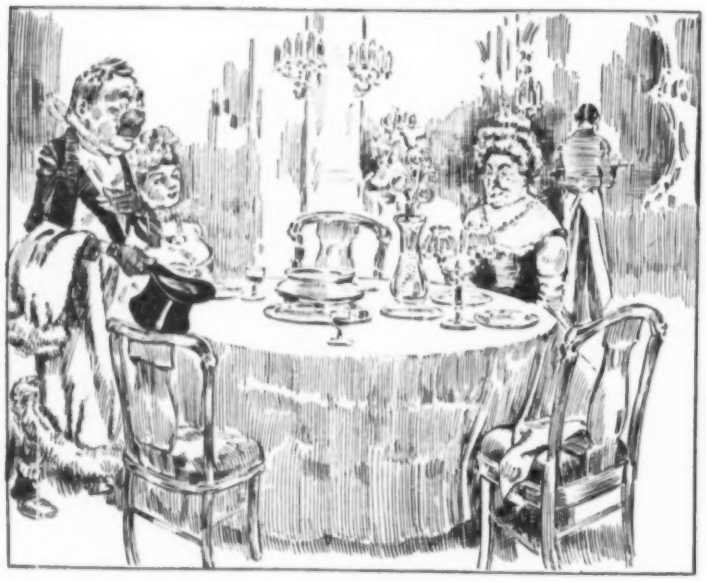


2. *Nervy Nat*—"Well, well! Right in the diamond horseshoe, and the one best bet at that. Look at all the geeks cracking their necks! I am, as the cub reporter would say, the 'cynosure of all eyes,' and the recipe is a simple one. Take a cut-glass stopper, affix in shirt-front, swipe a red sash off any baby carriage in park, and stretch it biasly across said shirt-front; one monocle, a bold, bad front, and you have captured the parvenus. My cell-mates in the pew on my starboard seem inclined to comune with me."



3. *The Gotrockses*—"Welcome to our party, me lud!"
Nervy Nat—"Aw, blawsted fine of you, ye know! Me cell—er—stall—was so drawfty, ye know."
Mrs. Gotrocks—"How do you like Garlico's voice, me lud?"
Nervy Nat—"Extraordinary! Nearly as good as Maggie Cline's—er—Chawming assemblage, je ne sais pas?"

4. *Nervy Nat*—"Ya-as; I'm touring the States incognito, ye know. So beastly annoying otherwise, bah Jove! Sure, I'll spend a week-end at your Palm Beach bungalow. Garcon, four more tubs of suds and six bowls of chop suey. This after-theatre supper is a nifty stunt."



5. *Nervy Nat*—"Aw, you will pardon me for just a few seconds, ladies, but I must send a cablegram to Yonkers. Very important, I assure you—and the blooming office closes immejiately. I will just borrow this coat—for a covering."
The ladies—"Certainly, your ludship! But hurry back, as our party will be dull without you."
Nervy Nat—"I'll hurry, all right."

6. *Nervy Nat* (writing)—"'Mulligan's Alley, 12.30 p. m. My dear Gotrocks—When this reaches you the truth will have punctured your caisson. All are not diamonds that sparkle. Do not attempt to overhaul me, as I depart to-night on a fast canal boat across the raging East River for darkest Brooklyn. I feel confident that you will be a good loser, as, should you make this affair public, the equine laugh from society would be your ruin. Many thanks for your entertainment and the fur-lined overcoat. As I have only a thousand-dollar bill, will you kindly pay the charges on this? On your way! Nervy Nat.'"

NO. 43—NERVY NAT ENJOYS THE OPERA.

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AN UNPROFITABLE CUSTOMER.
"Hair cut!" —*Punch.*

HIS ONLY CHANCE.

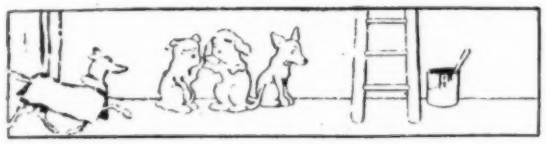
Anxious mother—"Oh, professor, don't you think my dear little Reginald will ever learn to draw?"

Professor Crayon—"No, madam; not unless you harness him up to a truck."—*Comic Cuts.*

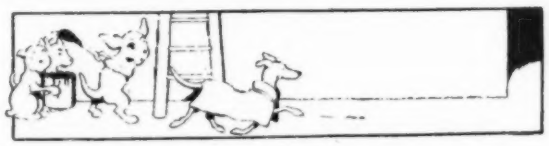
IN GERMANY.

Madame (to the nursemaid, who has just brought home her four children from a walk)—"Dear me, Anna! How changed the children look since I last saw them! Are you quite sure they are the right ones?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

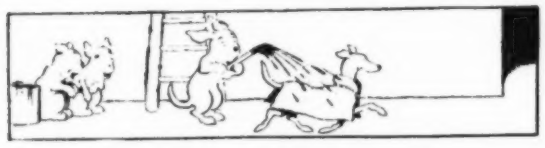
THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.



The Envious Ones.



The Plot.



The Deed

The Discomfiture.

—*Klods Hans.*

FOR PRESS PURPOSES.

Reporter—"I suppose you don't know what the senator thinks about this tariff-reform business?"

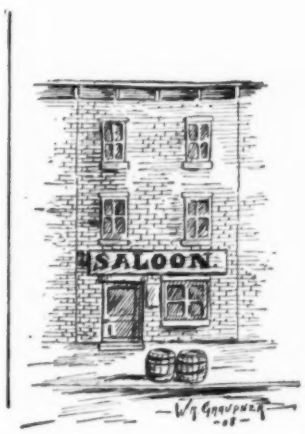
Senator's private secretary—"No; no more than you do. I only know what he says about it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

FORESTALLED.

Mistress—"Jane, I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk in."

Jane—"'Twouldn't be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me."—*London Illustrated Bits.*

THE LITTLE CHURCH—



—AROUND THE CORNER.

Help down
a hot griddle cake
on a cold morning with

Karo

CORN SYRUP

The health-giving essence of golden corn. Tastes good —*does* good.

In air-tight tins, 10c., 25c., 50c.

CORN PRODUCTS MANUFACTURING CO.

INSTINCT.

"What is instinct? It is th' nachral tendency iv wan whin filled with dismay to turn to his wife."—*Mr. Dooley.*

A MEAN ONE.

The Sunday comic supplements will be allowed to continue. The law is against amusements.—*New York Evening Mail.*

"Even if men are descended from the monkeys," said Miss Pepper, "have the monkeys any reason to feel proud?"—*Somerville Journal.*

THEY GROW.

GOOD HUMOR AND CHEERFULNESS FROM RIGHT FOOD.

Cheerfulness is like sunlight. It dispels the clouds from the mind as sunlight chases away the shadows of night.

The good-humored man can pick up and carry off a load that the man with a grouch wouldn't attempt to lift.

Anything that interferes with good health is apt to keep cheerfulness and good humor in the background. A Washington lady found that letting coffee alone made things bright for her. She writes:

"Four years ago I was practically given up by my doctor and was not expected to live long. My nervous system was in a bad condition.

"But I was young and did not want to die so I began to look about for the cause of my chronic trouble. I used to have nervous spells which would exhaust me, and after each spell it would take me days before I could sit up in a chair.

"I became convinced my trouble was caused by coffee. I decided to stop it and bought some Postum.

"The first cup, which I made according to directions, had a soothing effect on my nerves and I liked the taste. For a time I nearly lived on Postum and ate little food besides. I am to-day a healthy woman.

"My family and relatives wonder if I am the same person I was four years ago, when I could do no work on account of nervousness. Now I am doing my own housework, take care of two babies—one twenty, the other two months old. I am so busy that I hardly get time to write a letter, yet I do it all with the cheerfulness and good humor that comes from enjoying good health.

"I tell my friends it is to Postum I owe my life to-day."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a Reason."

Wait a year before you buy "the novel of the day," and you won't have to.—*Somerville Journal.*

When the baby has the colic, his first impulse is to advertise.—*Ex.*

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Imperial EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE

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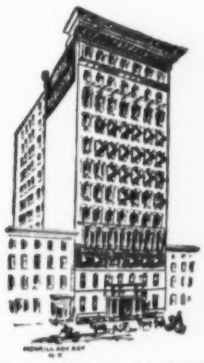

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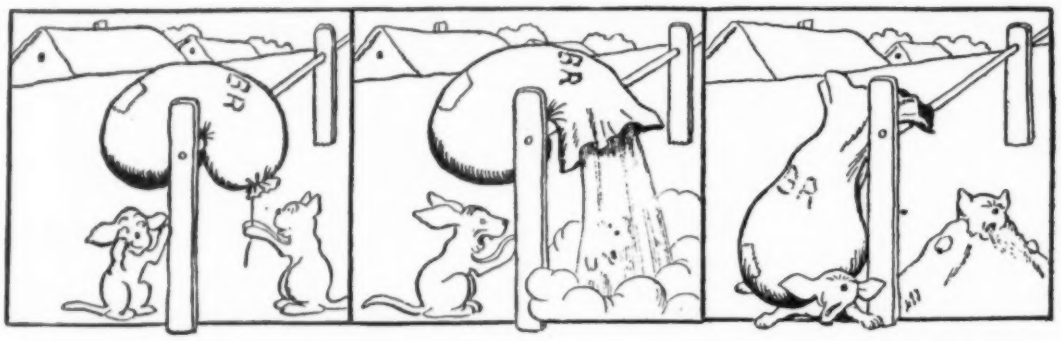
"MY LORD, THE CARRIAGE WAITS."

"The carriage waits without, my lord."
"Without what, gentle sir?"
"Without the left-hand running-board,
Without the French chauffeur,
Without a drop of gasoline,
Six nuts, the can of oil,
Four pinions, and the limousine,
The spark-plug, and the coil.
Without the brake, the horn, the clutch,
Without the running-gear,
One cylinder—it beats the Dutch
How much there isn't here!
The car has been repaired, in fact,
And you should be right glad
To find that this much is intact
Of what your lordship had.
The garage sent it back, my lord,
In perfect shape throughout;
So you will understand, my lord,
Your carriage waits without."
—*The Harvard Lampoon.*

Now that you can buy two goldfish, a fish globe, and a can of baking powder at the grocery all for fifty cents, how much is the baking powder worth?—*Somerville Journal.*

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



—*Klods Hans.*

TACT.

"Well," said the young lawyer, after he had heard his new client's story, "your case appears to be good. I think we can secure a verdict without much trouble."

"That's what I told my wife," said the man, "and yet she insisted at first that we ought to engage a first-class lawyer."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

SLIPPERY.

Patience—"I see dainty Indian muslins are made from fibres of the banana tree."

Patrice—"They ought to be easy to slip on."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c. a bottle.

SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.

First sportswoman (after jumping a stile)—"Come along. Do have a try!"

Second sportswoman—"Oh, it's all very well for you. But I'm going to be married next week!"—*Punch.*

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THE UNRAVELED BARGAIN.

At one of the sale-yards a gentleman observed a disqualified jockey and a horse-dealer haggling over the sale of a horse. Full of curiosity when the two separated, and anxious to know how two such shrewd characters had bargained, the gentleman called the jockey to him and inquired how much he had got for his animal.

The jockey opened his hand and showed a sovereign and a florin.

"But isn't that very cheap?"

"No," said the jockey; "he's dead lame."

The gentleman then sought the dealer, and said,

"So you've given twenty-two shillings for a lame horse?"

The dealer laid his finger on his nose, and said,

"Lame! He's as sound as you are. I saw he was badly shod, and only limped in consequence."

The inquirer returned to the jockey and reported what the dealer said. The former gave a tremendous and significant wink, and whispered,

"He's as lame as a two-legged stool. I had him badly shod on purpose to make them believe that that was the cause of his limping."

When this was communicated to the dealer, he seemed for the moment taken aback and hung his head; then, with a little sigh and a shrug of his shoulders, he said quietly,

"Ah, well, it's all right—it was a bad sovereign."—*Tit-Bits.*

Hotels and restaurants should have a bottle of Abbott's Bitters handy in the dining-room for a fruit cocktail. Adds to the deliciousness of grape fruit.

EXPERIENCED?

"Never mind, dear," he said reassuringly, as she raised her sweet face from his shoulder, and they both saw the white blur on his coat; "it will all brush off."

"Oh, Charlie," she burst out, sobbing, hiding her face again upon his whitey shoulder; "how do you know?"—*Somerville Journal.*

THE NEW NAVY.

The President at Washington, by the Big Stick he swore
That the poor retail dealers should suffer wrong no more;
By the Big Stick he swore it, and cursed the name of graft,
And bade his menials ride forth—east and west and south and north—
To find a horse for Taft.

—*The Harvard Lampoon.*

Take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in time; you know, cold and cough breed consumption, and that means death. 25c.

SHE KNEW.

"Miss Sharpe—er—Vera," he stammered, "you must know why I've been calling here so much; why I sit here in the parlor with you night after night"

"I suppose, Mr. Kloseman," the girl interrupted, "it's cheaper to do that than take me out anywhere."—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

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Hammer the Hammer

The Iver Johnson isn't a bomb—it's a revolver. It goes off only when a revolver should—when you pull the trigger. You can drop it, strike it against table corners, or hammer the hammer, with perfect impunity. But the instant that you do pull the trigger in earnest, you will find the Iver Johnson a quick, sure, straight shooter.

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Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
Richly nickeled, 22 calibre rim-fire or 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or 38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel - - - - - - - - - - $6
(Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost)

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SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

PROVED BY THE SUIT.

"Why is she getting a divorce?"

"On the grounds of misrepresentation. She says that before they were married he claimed to be well off."

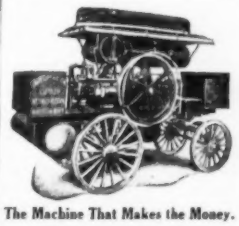
"And what does he say?"

"He says he was, but didn't know it."—*Lippincott's.*

FEMININE.

"And now, ladies," concluded the lecturer on woman's rights to her downtrodden sisters, "I am ready to answer any questions."

"Would you mind telling us," ventured one fair auditor, "where you got that perfect love of a hat?"—*Ex.*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We make the most efficient stationary systems for residences, hotels, office buildings, etc. We own the patents and are prosecuting all infringers. Write for catalog.

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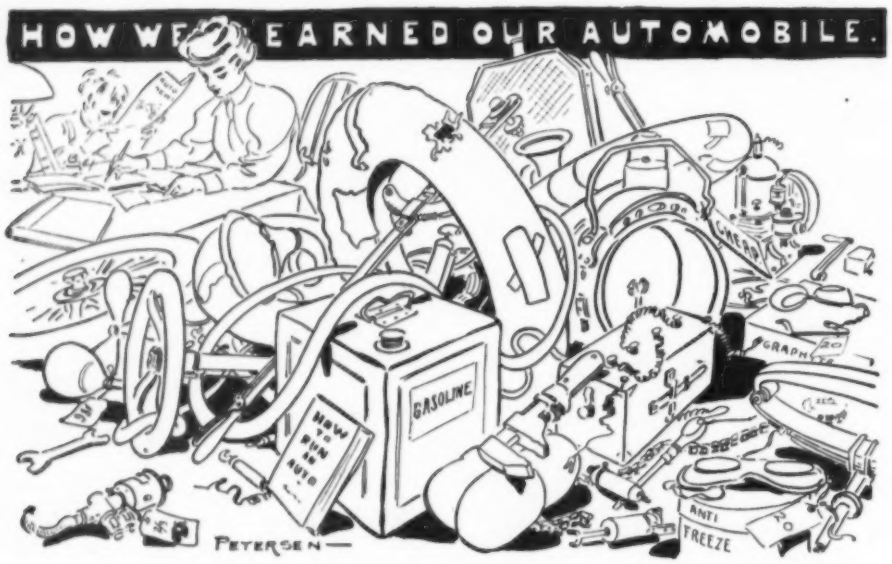
n—nor yet
irl.—*Exchange.*

JUDGE'S WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

For the benefit of our women readers in the myriad homes where JUDGE is a favorite, we have entered into an arrangement with the famous editor of "The Perfect Ladies' Companion," Mr. Hik Hok. Any perfect lady among our readers who has troubles of household or heart may go in perfect confidence to Mr. Hok, who will at intervals convey through these pages advice or comfort, as the case may demand.



BY A HOUSEWIFE.

EIGHT or ten years ago my husband and myself decided to buy a motor-car. We were given "demonstrations" in a number of those crude, earlier models, and would have purchased one at that time had it not been for the fact that our bank accounts were in a bad state.

"John," I said, "if we sacrifice a few luxuries for the time being we can soon own a car. You are earning twelve dollars a week and the chances are that you may get fourteen per, next year. I believe that by going at it mildly at first we will soon become two of the foremost motorists. I saw a honk-horn yesterday for ninety-eight cents. Don't you think we might buy that as a starter?"

"By all means," replied John. He is such a kind, dear husband. I bought it the next day.

Two days later I saw a second-hand pair of acetylene lamps for sale at a bargain. I bought them on my own responsibility, also two pairs of goggles at twenty cents per pair. John was delighted with these. Then we each saved up for a week, and he saw an opportunity to buy a speedometer at about one-third of its cost price. It was offered at a great bargain, because it did not register at all accurately, but, of course, we did not mind that. Then I saw an advertisement offering a set of batteries very cheap, so instead of going to the matinee and buying chocolates, I got the batteries and toted them home. We found them quite weak, to be sure, but calculated that they would recuperate and increase in strength and vigor by the time we would wish to use them.

Then John met a motorist who was in need of a baby carriage, and we exchanged our dear little one's coach for a set of spark-plugs and one shock-absorber. Our baby was nearly big enough to walk and soon he would not need a carriage.

John dear showed a great deal of forethought in all these operations. "The price of gasoline will go up very shortly," he said. "We had better lay in a goodly supply of it right now." So I cashed in some root-beer bottles and sold a book of purple trading stamps to the lady next door, and with the proceeds we bought a stock of seventy-six-degree test gasoline—three gallons of it.

Then John sold his old suit of clothes for a fair price to a second-hand-apparel dealer and surprised me exceedingly by bringing home a tire that was nearly new. It was pneumatic, any way. John said he would get some chewing gum and mend the punctures in it.

It seemed as though fortune really smiled upon us, for one day an auto whizzed past our house and John saw its carbureter drop off. He knew that this was a most important part of the mechanism, so he ran after the car and shouted to the driver that he had lost a part. Instead of stopping, however, the people in the car told him to "never mind," and said that he might keep it. Another streak of luck we met one day was while we were out for a walk. We noticed a woman with a good honeycomb radiator. She had it nailed to a broom handle, and, thinking that it was an ash sifter, was using it as such. We bought it from her for eleven cents. A week later my husband bought two pairs of good wheels and an oil-can at an auction sale, at rock-bottom taxes. We were both somewhat disappointed to find that all four wheels were of different sizes, but we were in no sense discouraged. It must be remembered that all this had been accomplished in only *two* years.

"Nora," said John (for that is my pretty name), "we must save every penny. I have thought out a plan by which I see our way clear to own a complete car within a few years. I will pay you for doing up my shirts and collars, and I will buy some socks of you, if you will knit them, instead of patronizing the department stores. You can discharge your maid, and I will learn how to massage your wrinkles and give you the electric treatment and marceline your hair. We might also fire that man who washes the windows and attends to the furnace and garden, and you can pay *me* to do that work. Then we can each save what each pays the other. I know we owe two months' rent, but that need not worry us, for I am thinking of moving, any way. Don't you suppose you could sell fifteen pounds of tea to some of the neighbors? I read in an advertisement how one woman earned a sewing machine in that way, and another made enough money to buy a self-playing piano. Perhaps you could secure some subscriptions to a woman's magazine and make some money that way, for we will have to buy an engine and a whole transmission case yet, in addition to the frame. If you could earn money in this way, it would be much nicer than taking boarders. I am going to see about raising mushrooms in our cellar and garret. Our garret is very light, as the sun comes in on all sides, and I believe the mushroom vines would grow well there."

So I did everything that my husband suggested, and in less than five years we had saved enough to buy all the parts required to complete the car. It is true, we mortgaged our cemetery plot and sold our piano and carpets, but it was such a joy to get that first ride that all these unpleasant details were overlooked. Oh, it was delightful! The car bumped a little—perhaps more than it should have—because of the wheels being all different sizes; but this made the ride exhilarating.

We have had the car in commission for two weeks (at this writing), and have had no difficulty with it whatsoever, with the exception of a broken crank-shaft and differential. John is such a mechanical genius. He told me that he had had considerable experience with various political machines. Oh, we are so delighted with our car!!!

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DUN IN RIME.

If an S and I and an O and a U,
With an X at the end, spell Su;
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And an H E D spell side,
There is nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go commit siouxeyesighed.

—*Winnipeg Review.*

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

¶ Do you ever make investments in Wall Street securities? Do you ever buy or sell stocks or bonds? If so, do not fail to read "Jasper's Hints to Money-makers" every week in "Leslie's Weekly," in which questions regarding stocks and bonds are honestly and conservatively answered, and hints given as to the outlook in the stock market from week to week. This is the most reliable financial department published in the United States, and thousands have testified in writing that it has either made or saved them money.

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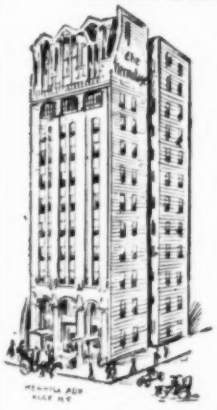

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Telephones in every room.

Respectful, quiet, obedient and alert Japanese servants.

Bedroom and bath $2.00 a day upward.

Send for Booklet.

T. F. PADDELL, Proprietor

IT OUGHT TO.

"Things look rather run down around here," remarked the man who had returned after many years to his native village.

"Run down? I should say so," replied the friend of his youth. "There's an automobile comes through here about every three minutes."—*Philadelphia Record.*

IT PROVED TRUE.

Lazy Lewis—"I was told dat de farmer wot lives on dat hill paid his hands jist de same whedder dey worked or not, so I went an' hired t' him."

Tired Thomas—"Den youse played off sick, I reckon."

Lazy Lewis—"Yep; an' at de end ov de month I found dat he never paid nobody nothin' nohow."—*Chicago News.*

NEEDED AT HOME.

"I didn't notice you at the mothers' congress."

"No," replied the woman addressed. "I'm not a theoretical mother, you know. I have six."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

GIVING HIM EXERCISE.

"Justin," said Mrs. Wyss.

"Yes," replied Mr. Wyss.

"Will you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail? He hasn't had one bit of exercise all day."—*Ex.*

FEMININE ECONOMIES.

"IS TRUE my bathing suits come high,"
Quoth petite Millie Snow;
"But all my evening gowns are most
Ridiculously low."

* * * * *

"I eat no more than does a bird," said she;
But when she rose and from the table went,
The landlord scowled from 'neath his brows. Said he,
"I guess the ostrich was the bird she meant."

AGAIN.

She—"I hear Miss Chatter is talking of getting married again."

He—"Didn't know she was ever married."

She—"She wasn't; I said she was talking of it again."—*Comic Cuts.*

Unless a girl likes a man, she can try mighty hard to make him think she does.

A CATNIP.

(————)

You have a fairly good opinion of a good many of your fellows, but how many of them would you be willing to lend money to?—*Somerville Journal.*

THE LISTENER'S POINT OF VIEW.

"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realizes that she has lost her voice."

"Perhaps not," replied the plain man; "but I've got a fair idea how distressing it is when she doesn't realize it."—*The Catholic Times.*

IT DID.

Waiter (who has just served up some soup)—"Looks uncommonly like rain, sir."

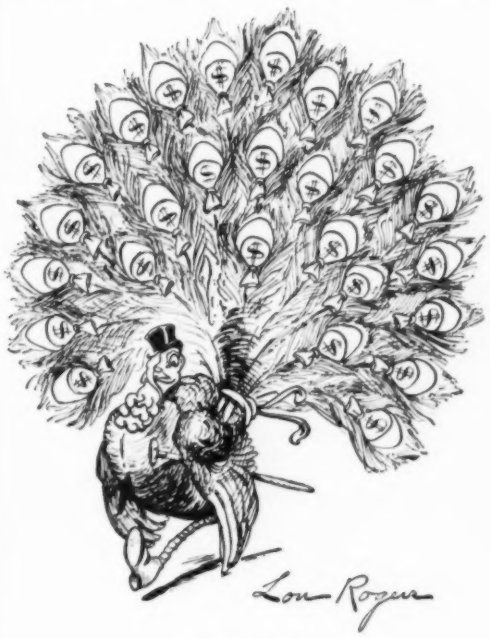
Diner—"Yes, by Jove, and tastes like it, too! Bring me some thick soup."—*Tatler.*

SHAVE YOURSELF, DON'T YOU?

The new rubber in the Turkish bath had formerly been a barber.

Thus it was, when his first patron came in, that the new rubber looked him over and said pityingly, "Wash yourself sometimes, don't you?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Clothes don't make the man—nor yet the chorus girl.—*Exchange.*



DOWERED.

"For gosh sakes, old man! what is it?"

"Why, that's Count Gobblereezyi wearing his American father-in-law's tail-feathers."

ARROW
CLUPECO SHRUNK QUARTER SIZE
COLLARS
Fit as well after laundering as before
15 cents—2 for 25 cents
Send for "Proper Dress," a style book and fashion guide.
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Makers of Cluett Shirts, 481 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

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Great Western Champagne
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There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is PureGrape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.
"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."
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Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.
Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

"ON EVERY TONGUE"

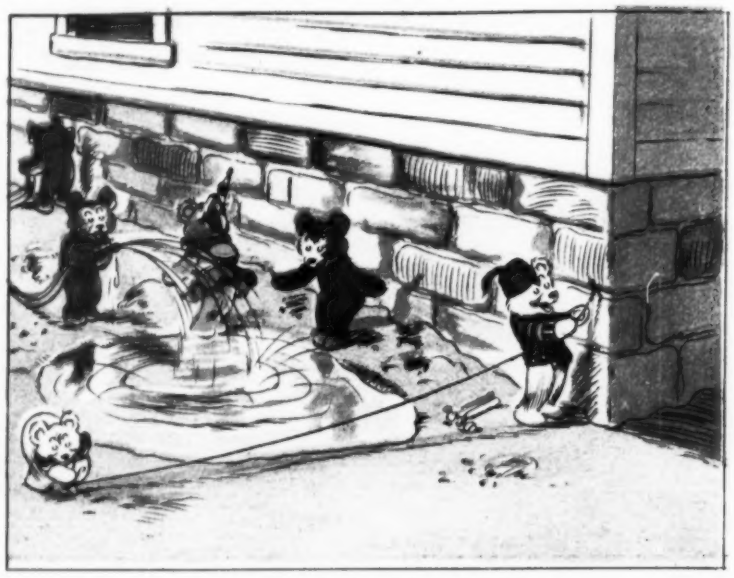
I. W. Harper Rye
Most Popular Because It's the Best
SOLD BY Leading Dealers

Judge

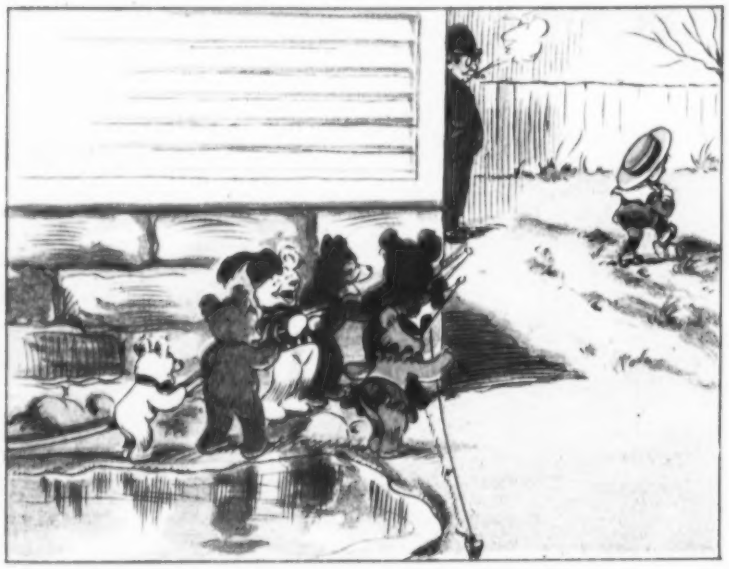
LITTLE JOHNNY AND THE TEDDY BEARS.

THE MERRY TEDDIES DIG A PIT—A TARTAR'S ALL THEY CATCH IN IT.

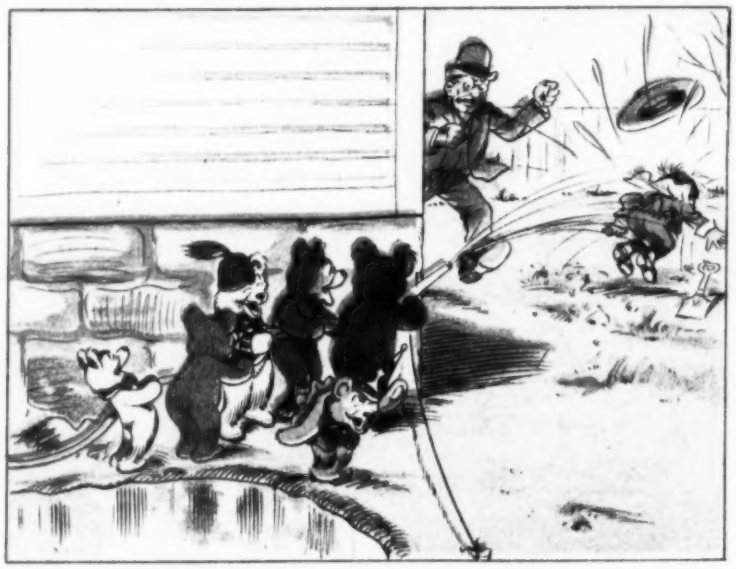
1. The Teds have watched young Johnny toil
In digging up the garden soil.
Inspired by his noble zeal—
"We, too, will dig!" they shout and squeal.



2. Oh, naughty Teds! They dig and dig
And make a hole both deep and big.
With water cold they fill the pit
And tie a string in front of it.



3. They raise the hose with careful aim—
No sound gives warning of their game;
Nor does a sound the fact betray
That Johnny's father 's walked that way.



4. Oh, naughty Teds! Why should you joy
To drench that good, industrious boy?
You'd best look twice before you do it,
Or else I fear that you will rue it!

5. Instead of John, it is his dad
Who rushes at them, hopping mad.
Across the tight-drawn stri[illegible]he stumbles,
And straightway in the w[illegible]er t[illegible]mbles.

6. The bears decide they will not wait
To worry o'er their victim's fate.
John watches them with gleeful face,
And cheers them in their frantic race.

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